



BATMAN



BATMAN

APPROVED
BY THE
COMIC
BOOK
CENSORSHIP
AUTHORITY

AUG.

NO. 224

15¢



CLOUDS CLUSTER IN A SLATE-GREY SKY LIKE ANCIENT MOURNERS... A FINGER OF WIND POKES SHARPLY FROM THE RIVER... AND RAIN FALLS WITH A SAD WHISPER ON NEW ORLEANS...



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A MISSION
OF MERCY--
AND
VENGEANCE--
TAKE THE
DREADED

BATMAN

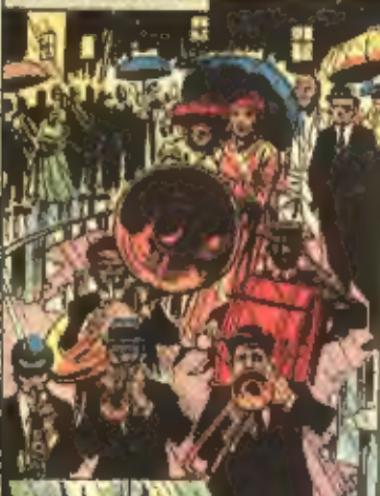
TO THE LOVELY AND
HISTORIC CITY ON THE
BANKS OF THE
MISSISSIPPI, BIRTH-
PLACE OF JAZZ,
AND SETTING FOR ONE
OF THE MOST BIZARRE
STRUGGLES OF HIS
CAREER... A DEATH-
DUEL WITH A LIVING
FIEND AT THE --

'CARNIVAL of the CURSED'



PENNY O'NEIL -- WRITER
IRV NOFRICK -- ARTISTS
DICK GIORDANO -- ARTISTS
JULIUS SCHWARTZ -- EDITOR

YOU DON'T SEE THEM MUCH ANYMORE, NOT EVEN IN NEW ORLEANS... THE OLD-FASHIONED JAZZ FUNERALS. BUT NO OTHER KING WOULD BE RIGHT FOR CHARLES "BLIND BUDDY" HOLDEN... LAST--AND GREATEST--OF THE HORN-HEROES...



...BECAUSE NEW ORLEANS JAZZ IS AN HONEST MUSIC, A JOYOUS SOUND THAT CELEBRATES LIFE WHILE NEVER FORGETTING DEATH! SO THESE MOURNERS TRUDGE THROUGH THE CITY'S HISTORIC FRENCH QUARTER, WEEPING OPENLY...



"THERE AREN'T MANY TRADITIONAL JAZZMEN LEFT, AND THAT IS A SHAME... IT'S SAD THAT A MAN'S LEGEND CAN DIE BEFORE HIS BODY DOES..."



Suddenly, from a darkened doorway...

OUTTA THE WAY, FOLKS!

WERE JOININ' THIS HERE PLANTIN' PARTY!

YERMIN! CRAWL BACK TO YOUR HOLE--







WE GONNA JUST STAND
HERE WHILE THE BATMAN
DOES ALL THE FIGHTIN'?

COME
ON!

HE'S
RUNNIN'...

YEAH...RUNNIN'
TO AN PLACE,
EXCEPT A
BLANK WALL!

WE
GOT
IM!

THEN, EFFORTLESSLY, THE
CREATURE MOLCH LEAPS TO
A BALCONY... A FULL TWENTY
FEET ABOVE THE GROUND...

-FOLLOWED A BARE MOMENT
LATER, BY THE STEEL-MUSCLED
BATMAN...

BUT, BEFORE THE CAPE
CROSSER CAN GAIN AN
ADVANTAGE...



CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE

ONLY SUPERB REFLXES AND A
LIFE-TIME'S TRAINING ENABLE
THE BATMAN TO BREAK HIS
FALL... AND LIE STUNNED,
INSTEAD OF INJURED...



...GAZING UP, HE WITNESSES AN
AMAZING FEAT--A JUMP SUCH AS
HE HAS NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE...

QUICK... SOMEONE
CALL THE
POLICE! I'LL...

PLEASE! RECALL
THAT WE MUST
SEE OUR FRIEND
BLIND BUDDY TO
HIS FINAL RESTING
PLACE!



YOU'RE RIGHT,
REVEREND! AND...
I'M SORRY.

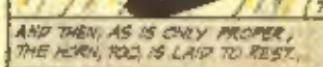


JAZZ IS DERRANT MUSIC... IT INSISTS THAT YOU'VE GOT TO BE HAPPY
BECAUSE SOME DAY YOU WILL HAVE TO DIE...



...AND SO BLIND BUDDY'S HORN SOUNDS
ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD, SINGING, SWINGING--
"THIS BLACK MAN IS STILL NOW, BUT
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BECAUSE WHEN HE
WAS ALIVE, HE LIVED!"

AND THEN, AS IS ONLY PROPER,
THE HORN, TOO, IS LAID TO REST.



THAT WAS NICE
PLAYING. ALMOST
WORTHY OF
BLIND BUDDY
HIMSELF!

THANKS,
BUT THERE'S
NOBODY COULD
COME CLOSE
TO HIM! I
OUGHT TO
KNOW... I WAS
HIS BEST
FRIEND FOR
SIXTY YEARS!

IF YOU DON'T MIND ME
ASKIN'... WHAT'S YOUR
INTEREST?

I HAVE ALL
BLIND BUDDY'S
OLD 78-RPM
RECORDS...

THEY'VE GIVEN
ME MANY HOURS
OF PLEASURE!

I READ HE WAS
MURDERED... AND I
FIGURE I OWE HIM
SOMETHING!

SO YOU GOIN' AFTER HIS
KILLER? I'M PLEASED TO
KNOW THAT! WHY DON'T
YOU COME WITH ME TO
RESERVATION HALL--?

THAT'S WHERE A
BUNCH OF US OLD-
TIMERS HANG OUT!

BY THE WAY,
MY NAME'S MAXWELL
JEL... CALL ME
MAX!

MUSICIAN AND CRIME-FIGHTER
WALK TOGETHER THROUGH THE
MURMURING STREETS OF THE
FRENCH QUARTER, TO A
GIANT, DILAPIDATED STRUCTURE.

...AND ARRIVE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ARGUMENT...

I TELL YOU, I
AM NOT
MAKIN' ANY
DEALS
HISTER!

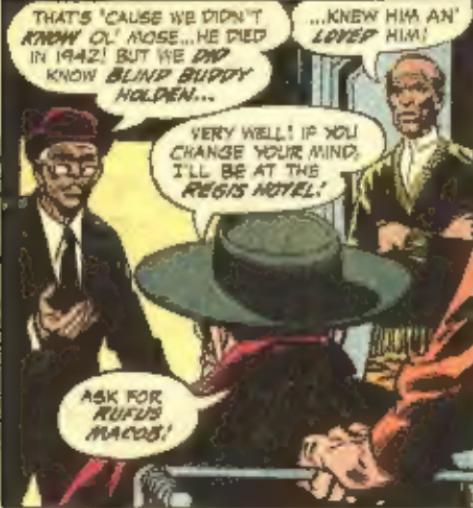
I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND
DOLLARS FOR BLIND
BUDDY'S GOODS... A
THOUSAND--!

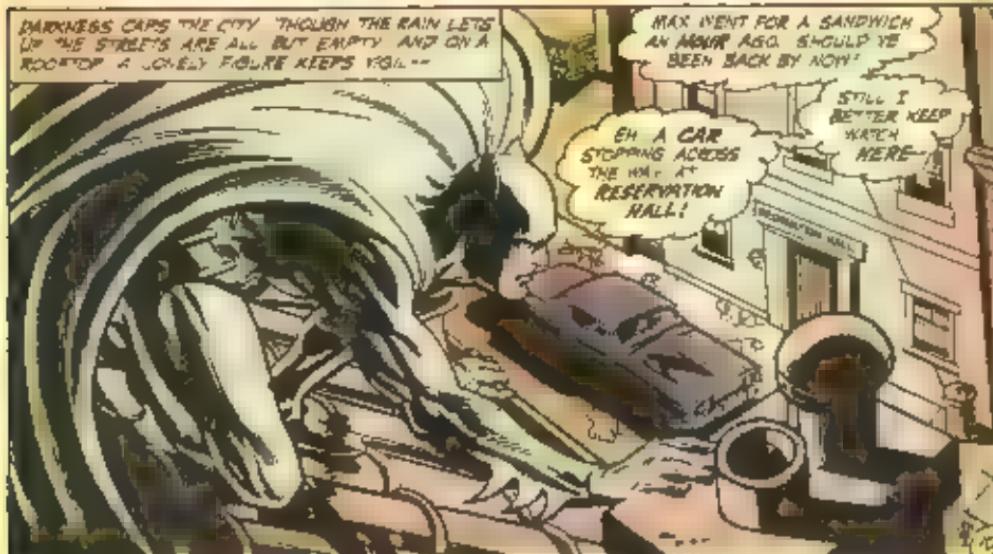
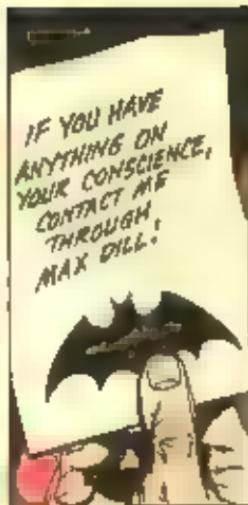
MORE THAN YOUR
KIND MAKES IN
A YEAR!

WHAT'S THE
HASSLE?

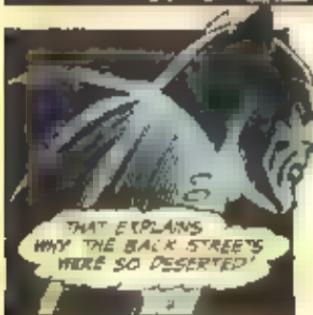
THIS DUDE WANTS TO BUY
BLIND BUDDY'S STUFF! WELL,
WE'RE NOT
SELLIN'!

WHY NOT? YOU
GOLD ME MOSE
BURTON'S GOODS
READILY ENOUGH!



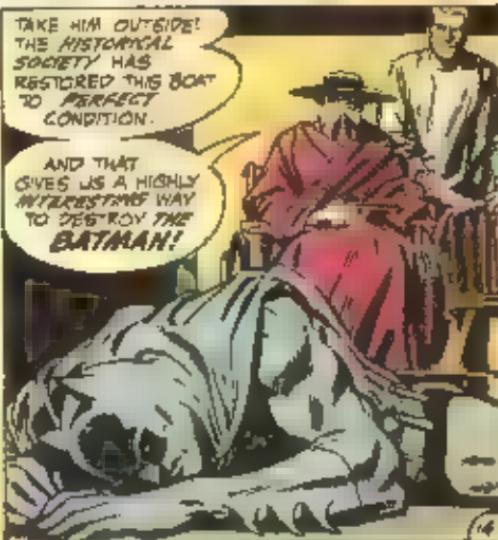






WITH SWIFT STROKES AND
SILENT STROKES THE
FIERCE RAK-SWOLLE,
CURRENT OF THE MINDS-
BERRY - CUT INTO THE
CHANNEL AND THEN AWAY...





AN ETERNITY OF AGONY LATER, THE MAN FROM
BOTHAM OPENS HIS EYES

YOU ARE
CONSCIOUS! GOOD YOU CAN
APPRECIATE THE AMUSING
END I HAVE DEVISED
FOR YOU

- TAKING YOU INTO
THE RIVER BUT YOU
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY
DROWN BEFORE
YOU REACH IT

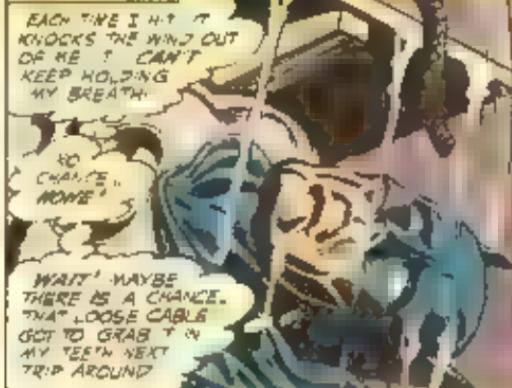
COME HARRY,
AND FAREWELL,
BATMAN!



A MINUTE PASSES. HUGE BOILERS HISS
LIKE DEMONS AND THEN



AGAIN AND AGAIN HE IS PLUNGED INTO THE CHILL
FILTHY WATER



IF I CAN SNAP MY HEAD
SHARPLY, Toss THE CABLE
FAR ENOUGH



SO FAR, SO GOOD!
NOW IT'S A MATTER
OF LUCK!



CATCHES AND, AS THE MOULGE
WHEEL CHURNS HYDRO FLUID,
AND TIGHTER STREEL, METAL
SCRAPES METAL. THE STEEL
CABLE BINDS FIRM.



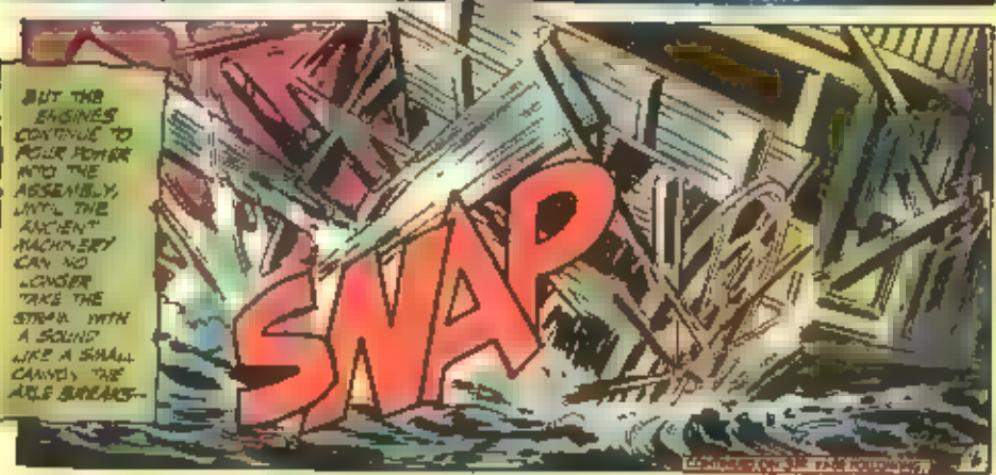
THE THICK LINE RATTLES
AROUND THE WHEEL'S AXLE...

AND FINALLY, THE WHEEL
STOPS--WITH THE BATMAN
FACE DOWN IN THE MISSISSIPPI...



BUT THE
ENGINES
CONTINUE TO
POUR POWER
INTO THE
ASSEMBLY,
UNTIL THE
ANCIENT
MACHINERY
CAN NO
LONGER
TAKE THE
STRAIN. WITH
A SOUND
LIKE A SMALL
CANON, THE
AXLE BREAKS--

SNAP



LETTERS to the BATCAVE



S-469

Dear Editor

This is not a letter to congratulate you on the way you've collaborated with our writers and artists bringing Batman back to the heights of mystery and suspense that was his in the 40's when men called him "The Batman" instead of a personal "Batman". No, this is not the purpose of this letter.

This letter is also not to tell you about how you've brought Bruce Wayne, the MAN, more into the spotlight. It's generally made me sit up more readily with the absence of costumed villains. No sir.

This letter is to ask whether or not you're going to change the title of your letter column. LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE is a grand tradition but... doesn't it?

CHRISTOPHER JERRECH, Burlingame, Calif.

Dear Editor

Well, everything concerning Batman seems to have changed. However there is still one thing that needs to be changed: the title of the letter column. LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE is inappropriate since Batman isn't using his Batcave anymore. A new title, hopefully selected by the readers, is needed.

—ROGER ST. HOCRAFT, Fallsburg, W. Va.

Dear Editor

As there is no longer a Batcave, methinks the letter column needs a new name: BAT-SIGNALS, maybe?

PETER C. PHILIPS, Lance, Calif.

(Three representative letters of the many asking for a switch in title to this department. Do we go with something new, or do we stay wedded to the old? Readers—pro and con us—Editor)

Dear Editor

Describing "This Murder Has Been Pre-Recorded" in Batman #220 would be nearly impossible. You had a firm plot, four strong leading characters, sensational art, a minimum of messy details, and in short a believable story. The change in Batman has come off remarkably well.

—SCOTT GIBSON, Sterling, Colo.

(Short—and to the point. The next critic takes longer to get to the same point. —Editor)

Dear Editor

Batman #220 was superb, with Frank Robbins coming through with his best script yet. Looking at the splash panel, I doubted Batman could possibly be back, but... *voilà*. Introducing Miss Maria Manning was a nice touch. I hope she does indeed come back!

Bruce Wayne was perfect in his role, assembling the clues for Batman to work with. As Batman is and always will be an escapee Robin form, it is Robin we should escape with.

Starting with a murder mystery, author Robbins red-

the "Ace of Detectives" to uncover one clue after another. It was a good idea to make the villain a terrorist. When Batman drove to the airport was sure but this was his method of escape. But the way it was explained was even more mysterious. The ending was the only bad point; a bit schmaltzy.

The art was MAGNIFICENT! The Novak-Giordano team has gone from fair to fantastic. Although the overall art was weird, the panel that impressed me most was the first one on page seven. You have a winning team.

Oh, yes, the cover. Very good. That's Neal Adams all the time. It reminded me of Infantino's work.

—MARK LATOURNEAU, Otis AFB, Mass.

Neal Adams' cover on Batman #220 may have reminded you of Infantino's work because our editorial director told us a rough sketch of the cover for Neal to work his remarkably skills upon.—Editor

Dear Editor

Resuming Batman #220: Good job. The new cover logo is startling, to say the least. As a matter of fact, I'm not entirely sure I like it better than the old one. As worn, it's gaudy and reminiscent of the overblown camp craze (now blissfully buried), and at best, it's just plain too big to do much with—or should I say, do much around. Oh well, the inside was a lot better anyway. Frank Robbins' story was quite excellent, except for one spot we shall comment upon in the next paragraph. The best part was being introduced to yet another woman in Batman's life—Maria Manning. No romance, please, but I would like to see her appear again. After all, she does have something in common with our Gotham Gallant, being a crime-exposed journalist. Besides, Ivy Novak's artistic rendering of Ms. Manning made her appear quite a... *sexy* dame. Kudos!

Now, to get back to the story, the only mark to be found was the fact that we STILL have Batman dummies as stand-ins for the supposedly vital depictions. Perhaps hypnosis is the only answer, but please, O B. T. Y. to make Mr. Robbins forget him there even could be such things as Batman dummies. It's been overdone, used too much, and just plain worn out.

—STEVE BEERY, Alma, Mich.

(Okay no more dum-dum dummies! —Editor)

Dear Editor

"This Murder Has Been Pre-Recorded" was certainly a bold step backwards in the glorious golden years of the Batman. That's why enjoyed his issue #220 so much. Frank Robbins wrote the tale and as everyone knows, when it comes to the Gotham crookish Mr. Robbins is a world-beater? The Novak-Giordano team's efforts in portraying the demented and

undesirable appearance of the R-1000, minus the
C in Sandia and the C-24 in the atomic
bomber. Which is better? It's the same.

CARLTON SLOAN, Chicago, Ill.

Enough of the ~~white~~ ^{white} ~~minority~~ ^{minority} ~~racism~~ ^{racism} of '71. It's high ~~it's~~ ^{it's} time for the ~~white~~ ^{white} ~~minority~~ ^{minority} ~~Peaks Peak~~ ^{Peaks Peak} to represent the ~~racial~~ ^{racial} minority! Editor

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Dear Editor

Good morning, Mr. Schwartz. This letter you are holding is from the Boston fan who is mystery writer who makes his feature story all over the country. It is an answer to the letter you received from the author of the mystery that you sent me. It is as follows: It is a message as appears in "This Message Has Been Pre-Recorded" in the radio. It is as follows: "I am here because I am here to find out the name of B. and why he is here. You should realize the identity of the author of the book in the first page. And in case you know that Berman would never read the book in his own audience, here really was no mystery in the murder mystery story. And that, Mr. Schwartz, is an answer alone without the cherries."

The man who is the author of plot to be found at the Rockwood Arms is not known. The grade of man he made me believe he was, he was a man of some size. He was the employer who he is, is not known. It is known that he is a son to the time of "You Owe Me Your Life" for the Council of Warblers over his head and the demagogue of the Rockwood Arms. At any rate he is a scoundrel. He was an ungrateful ungrateful scoundrel. He has been years since he was seen here. He is eloquent of an witty threats as "Lay off or else!"

It's unfortunate because just before Wayne got
killed, he had just come back from the infirmary program of
the *Death League* and was in shape like the *Man of Steel*. The
reason that this is "unfortunate" is that it comes at a
time when we were getting used and happily
to a more human *Batman*.

So your in town Mr. Schwartz should you accept it. It is to ensure that your writer, Frank Robbins, is here at least three weeks out of the many six weeks upon which the standards of good advertising at WGN are built and if he is not here it becomes to the owners of WGN before advertising will be issued to them. Please make out a wire now out of all the stations in which the stations are built. If any of you Almanac production team is about shipping, you will be deluged with trade letters, and your boat will be taken all knowledge of your activities (including the 1st and 2nd half) Mr. Schwartz. This letter will self-destruct in five seconds.

MARTIN PASSEG. GM 2000. H.H.

POW - Editor.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Dear Editor

In the night through the silent interminable darkness,
A single figure the Human Race
carries on the failing mysterious light and
of the mortal life.

Do you care to that the *Barron Camp* was bad enough, but nothing else is worse.

I'm not criticizing the current image; I'm crazy about it! *Batman* again has an air of mystery, but the stories and art are infinitely superior to those of two and a half decades ago.

Boatman has undergone the greatest change of any DC hero. Twenty years from now (when *Boatman* gets out of college and does he *Boatman* now), assuming he's still at the established rate, he's *Boatman* now being published will be as fresh as they are *now*.

This was supposed to be a letter in Autumn 1973 but this is the first one I've mentioned; the reason is that it brings up a potential problem. The problem is anything I write about "This Member Has Been Pre-Revived" can be used for my other "new look" book. The new policy in Autumn good as it is, has been in effect for too short a time to predict the long-range effects but it is not possible that these stories may be one application.

Knowing this, we only assume that is a transitory phase you have when changes in style for Romance literature and for me would have to see it as an attempt to hope that an offshoot of otherwise different story appears from time to time.

R. L. THOMAS & J. WOOD

The following 221 Batman has a "secret money" in his "safe" in "Chum 7" in "Tomb 8" re-
quest Batman for Robin in "Chum 7" Pr on 4 re-
quest with the following: "I'm in a situation
and I need you, the current Batman has a ring
or is... to borrow an old Astounding Stories tagline
a "thought version"! Later,

卷之三

Doris Fjellner

This will be the first time I have written to you, although we the others have had some pretty strong feelings about the happenings in the Balkan way, I am however, he least of who prefers to sit back and listen both sides of the argument and then cast his vote.

had not reveal strong about the stars in name
I'm not really about the stars but rather about
the appearance of Maria Manning. For quite a while
there has been a fanning debate as to whether or not
Batman is Bruce Wayne but I'm sorry it is
whom? Recent movies have produced pretty nice
dolts as George Clooney. Even the reactions in the
lettercols, she seemed to have made a hit. I personally
found her to be a weak one, though but I really do
not think that she is the type for a person like Manning
Bruce.

Since there was really no one else at the running and since Fanny has now made a reappearance, I held my peace. Perhaps I stand alone in this respect but I do think that the introduction of Maria should be followed up. She has already shown to be a very pretty woman and an intelligent one. A bit toothless, perhaps, but that now makes her seem all the more trimmish (if it is not overdone). Even her name appeals to me strange as that may seem.

MARIA'S FINE'S SWEET CREAM

We leave it to our readers to determine which is the more plausible. Miss Brown found, however, that the

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Address communications to LETTERS TO THE
EDITOR, National Periodical Publications, 1000
Third Ave, New York, N.Y. 10022.

- THE PADDLES
TEAR LOOSE
AND THE
CAPTIVE SLIDES
FREE

BUT MY LUNGS ARE
BURSTING, AND MY
FINGERS ARE HOMBS
LIKE ICICLES!

I'VE GOT
SLACK
I CAN REACH
THE KNOTS.

BLACKING
OUT! HANDS ON
JUST A BIT
LONGER!

NEVER THOUGHT
PLAIN AIR COULD
TASTE SO GOOD!

CAN'T SIT
AROUND
CONGRATULATING
MYSELF, GOT
TO FIND WAY!

AND IN THE SALON, HE DOES

TAKE IT EASY,
OLD-TIMER
YOU DON'
HAVE TO
TALK

I WANT TO--
THEY MADE
ME TELL
MADE A E

TELL
WHAT?

WHERE BLIND BUDDY'S
HORN IS HOW HE BURIED
IT WITH HIM THEY SAID
THEY WERE GOIN
TO DIG IT UP

ANDY!
THIS IS
THE COAST
GUARD--









A MOMENT OF
HESITATION... THEN
MOLOCHE GIVES
IN TO PANIC.
HE SNATCHES
UP HIS PRIZE
AND BOUNCES
ACROSS THE WET
EARTH...

HIS INCREDIBLE LEGS PROPEL
HIM OVER A HIGH FENCE...

...AND INTO THE MIDDLE OF A LAUGHING, STUMBLING, BRIGHTLY
CLAD CROWD...

OOOPS--!
SORRY, CLOWN!

HEY, THAT IS
SOME OUTFIT!

I THINK HE'S
CUTE! GIVE
US A LITTLE
KISS...

FOOLS!
--STAND
ASIDE! I MUST
ESCAPE!

MOLOC JUMPS... BUT HIS INJURED FOOT PREVENTS HIM FROM CLEARING THE FLOAT! AND WHILE HE WAS DELAYED, HIS NEMESIS HAS REACHED THE SCENE...



LIKE A RIDING FURY, THE BATMAN PLUNGES FROM HIS PERCH--



--AND IN THE NEXT EMBLE INSTANT MOLOC FALLS, STUNNED AND HELPLESS! AN UNSPOKEN VOW IS MADE TRUE... THE MURDER OF A MUSICIAN IS AVENGED!



THIS, IT ENDS AT... MARDI GRAS, A FESTIVAL OF REVENGE.

MARDI GRAS... A TIME WHEN MEN OF RELIGION JOKE AND SING-- BEFORE BEGGING THE ALMIGHTY FOR FORGIVENESS.



FOR THE DAY AFTER LENT
ASH WEDNESDAY, THE
BEGINNING OF LENT, THE FORTY
DAYS OF FASTING AND PENANCE.
THIS ASH WEDNESDAY DAWNS
COLD AND RAINY. THE FLAT
LIGHT OF THE BREAKING DAY
GLINTS HARSHLY ON A BATTERED
BIT OF METAL...



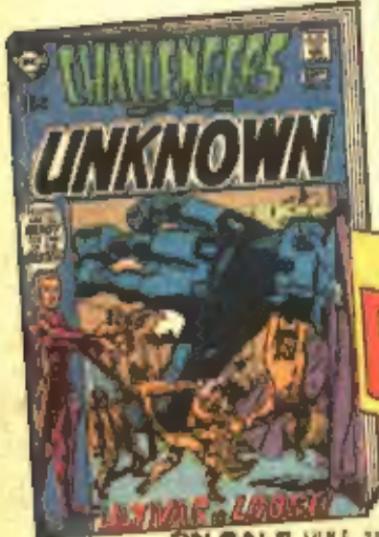
...BATTERED ALMOST BEYOND
RECOGNITION, TRAMPLED
AND SOUPED BY HUNDREDS
OF FEET...



WHATEVER MESSAGE IT MAY
HAVE BORNE, LOST-FOREVER!



The End



MORE
FOR YOUR
MONEY...
...AND
BETTER.



ON SALE JUNE 24

ON SALE JUNE 24